

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, March 20. 1707.

I Promis'd you in the last to go on a little farther with this unhappy Subject, the Treatment of his late Majesty, *The Great King William*; to come more nearly to the Enquiry, let's hear what the Clamours of the Town were at that Time——

" Why did he employ King James's Friends! Why did he not hang all those Betrayers of their Country, that in his Declaration he had almost declar'd incapable of Mercy; and yet when they came to his Hand, were carress'd and employ'd, trusted and approv'd, and had the Reins of that Nation put into their Hand, which they had attempted to ruin and deliver up, &c.

Now, if I were to put this into more proper and genuine *English*, it would sound rather thus—— " We appear'd for him, in hopes to have been all made great Men,

" Lords and Lords-Masters; like *Zebedees* Children, nothing would serve us but his Right Hand and his Left—We were for hanging and drawing all that had any Places before, that we might get into them, and we find, he has not answer'd our Expectation—Instead of hanging and drawing, we are disappointed both Ways, neither our Avarice or our Revenge are in the least gratify'd; but we find, the Men were brought into their Employments again, and we are left to starve; and therefore we rail at him, for we rais'd him.

Well, Gentlemen, have I not given the Marmors a true Turn now? Is it not true?

*That all the Strife was plainly to be seen,
To get some Men put out, and some put in.
True-Born-Englishm. P. 2.*

Now

Now let's go on with the Case, and what if I should tell you, Gentlemen, that *even this is a false Charge too*; For that King William, at his first Coming to the Crown, did put the whole Management of Affairs into the Hands of the *Whigs*, he did trust those that assisted in the Revolution, and only them, and all them that Places could be found for.

And what was the Consequence? I beseech you, Gentlemen, do not force me to give the Reason, why His Majesty was oblig'd to dismiss them again; why he was forc'd to throw himself into the Hands of his Enemies, and fly from those that had brought him in, to those that endeavour'd to keep him out!

What shall we say, or rather how shall I avoid saying, that his Majesty trusted them, till the great Cause, that obliges all wise Princes to shift Hands, came upon the Stage, I mean, *Knavery*. In short, Gentlemen, for 'tis in vain to mince the Matter, they prov'd the very same or worse Knaves, as those they had turn'd out; the King was bought, sold, betray'd and abus'd by intolerable Briberies, Treacheries and Villanies, by unsufferable Avarice, Party-makings, Oppressings and injurious Treatment of all Sorts of his Subjects, till at last they grew haughty and insolent, as they were *safe* and mercenary, and His Majesty was forc'd to put himself into the Hands of his Enemies, to save himself from the Hands of his Friends.

If any Man ask me, *when* this was, and *by who*, let him spare me the Trouble of answering that needless Question, by looking back to the horrid Doings in the three first Years of his Majesty: I say, to the horrid Doings in the Household in the Band of Pensioners, &c. besides what was in the Treasury, Admiralty, &c. How scandalously the King was abus'd in his own Family, how Places were bought and sold perpetually, and some sold to two or three People at a Time; how frivolous Quarrels were rais'd to put Men out of their Livelihoods, who perhaps had lately bought these Places at exorbitant Rates, and the most scandalous Abuses, that could possibly be imagin'd, offer'd.

Let them look into the Treasury, Customs and Excise! What Party-making! What

Buying and Selling! What Misapplying! What Juggling! What Accounting! And all this, Gentlemen, under the first *Whig* Administration! And tho' I must own, Gentlemen, the *Whigs* being in the first Administration, is what I always wish'd; yet I cannot blame the King, turning out with Abhorrence a Sort of Men that abandon'd their Country, their Master, their Justice, Honour and Truth, to gratifie the Root of all Evil; that made themselves unfit and incapable to serve any Master, and who, if he had not turn'd them out, they would soon have turn'd him out, and have ruin'd us all.

I do not say, for I would not be mistaken, that when his Majesty shifted Hands, he found the other Party honest, for they cheated him their Share too; and thus the unhappy Monarch was driven into constant Extremes; was ever shifting sides, and knew not who to trust.

When growing a little acquainted with Things and Men, he begun to be more Master of Men's Character; and able to choose for himself, then the restless Power of the Faction, never gave him Quiet, till they forc'd him to drive away his Friends, to put from him his faithful Servants, that had run thro' all the Parts of the publick Management; that had struggled with him thro' infinite Deficiencies and insuperable Difficulties, that had gain'd a consummate Experience, and began to be Master of the justest Measures. These they clamour'd him out of, and got the Seal and the Keys into such Hands as they pleas'd, where they knew, he should be sure to be neglected, impoverish'd or betray'd.

'Tis too far back, and so sadning a Subject to enquire into *Turkey* Fleets, *Camarett* Expeditions, and Partition Treaty-Quarrels, Things the Honour of *England* went too much to wreck in: I am not ripping up our Miscarriages, I bury them with Joy, under the happy Monuments of Victory, this Reign has bless'd the Nation with; but where the injur'd Memory of his Majesty suffers under these strange things, it forces me to bring them up again.

Who can, without Indignation, read the Reproaches cast upon his Person, his Honour, his Morals and his Management? In that Reign,

Reign, even by those who call themselves *Whigs* in this, while his Bounty was not always supplying them; even those, that at first congratulated and panegyrick't him, that lifted him up to the Clouds in both Verse and Prose, at last how did they load him with the blackest Crimes, affront him in insolent ungentlemanly Language, base and villainous Suggestions of Crimes, below a modest Pen to repeat— And now these same Men in their Writings pretend to cry him up again, yet as their Turn serves, can care for the wayward, decrepid Understandings of those, that renew their Assaults upon his Memory.

I am not at all vain in saying, I had the Honour to know more of His Majesty, than some of these that have thus insulted His Character, knew of *His Horse*; and I think, if my Testimony was able to add to his bright Reputation, I could give such Particulars of his being not a Man of Morals only, but of serious Piety and Religion, as few Kings in the World in these latter Ages of Time can come up to.

And where are the Morals of these Men, that reproach the best King that ever GOD gave these Kingdoms; Should I stoop so low as to foul this Paper with their Characters, it would raise the Passion of Mankind against the Baseness of their Treatment, 'twould enrage the World to think, by what contemptible Wretches this glorious Soul is

traduc'd, and how vilely their Methods are intermix'd with Ingratitude, Passion and scandalous Tempers, or blackn'd with Envy and the meanest of Crimes!

These are the Men that help'd to murder His Majesty, that made his Life uneasy, hasten'd his Death, and help'd to rob the Nation of one of the best Blessings, ever GOD Almighty bestow'd on it— That these Men can look on the Favours he bestow'd, the Honours he gave them, the great things he did for them, and not blush, is owing to a Strength of Face, obtain'd from making the Crime familiar to them, both in Practice and in Time—

Let but any Man, that thinks of this fondly, tell me, how hard should it be to restrain one's Temper at these things from Indecencies; and if any body will but consider, that it happens to be just the Day of that great Prince's Death, that I am writing this Paper, viz. the 8th of *March*, which as it did not occur to me, till I was writing this very Paragraph, perhaps would have forc'd me to farther Excursions, had I known it sooner; when they consider this, I say, they cannot but justify my Complaint on this Head, and rather wonder, I break off so soon.

I shall conclude this, with repeating some more of my former Lines on this melancholy Subject.

*When Party-Fury shook his Throne,
And made their mighty Malice known;
I've heard the sighing Monarch say,
The Publick Peace so near him lay,
It took the Pleasure of his Crown away.*

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Essay on the Storm, P. 3

*Thus William went, I saw the Saint ascend,
And Sympathetick Joy did Optick Powers extend;
I saw th' exalted Hero at the Gate,
My Soul went up with him, 'tis hardly come back yet.*

Wendy